JAMES HEBER MOULTON
by himself

At the age of eight years I immigrated from England to Utah Territory, North America, with my father and his family in the year 1856. While crossing the Rocky Ridge of the Sweetwater where so many perished with the cold while crossing the plains, an old lady led me by the right hand, my left hand being exposed to the cold. I cried with the cold and wanted to go back to my father and mother, but she knowing that they had all they could manage without my going back to bother them, insisted upon my staying with her. After a time my fingers ceased to bother me as they had become frozen, and we travelled on until night. When we went to the campfire and my fingers began to thaw I suffered a great deal. No one knew what to do with them. Between that time and the time we arrived in Salt Lake, the flesh all decayed and fell off the bones. The same day that my fingers were frozen, fourteen people froze to death. They would get tired and sit down by the side of the road and when the teams came along they would be found dead. The teamsters picked the bodies up and brought them into camp that night and a large fire was made to thaw out the ground so that a large grave could be dug to hold all the bodies. As one more person had died during the night there were fifteen people buried in the one grave. After arriving in Salt Lake Dr. Richards amputated the bones. This was before the day of anasthetic and was a very painful operation. The small finger was amputated at the second joint, the ring finger half way between the first and second joint, the second finger just below the first joint, and the first finger about the center of the nail.

All the handcart companies having come to Salt Lake, it became necessary to send some of the people to other settlements. My father's family and a number of other families were sent to Provo and were taken to the meeting house where we lived for a few days. The citizens of Provo were asked to see the immigrants and help them find employment. A man by the name of William Halliday, a blacksmith and jack farmer, questioned my father and found he was just the man he needed and secured him to take his farm on shares. He also let him have his team to haul oak and sage brush from the low hills for fuel. In the year 1857 the United States sent an army to Utah but they were prevented from entering Utah by the Mormons and camped near Fort Bridger all winter. In the Fall of 1857 the people of Salt Lake Valley and North Valleys all moved to the Utah Valley for protection. I came to Salt Lake and helped my brother-in-law, John Hawkins, and wife to move to Provo by driving their cow for them. Peace was declared in late Spring of the year 1858 and the army was allowed to come and settle in Cedar Valley where they remained until the Civil War was declared.

In the Spring of 1860 my father's family moved from the Provo Valley to the place now known as Heber City, Wasatch County, Utah. I was baptized Feb. 1857 at Provo, Utah. In 1866 the Indian War trouble in Wasatch County commenced. I enlisted in Capt. Thomas Todd's company of infantry and assisted in protecting the stock by standing guard, etc. In 1867 I was ordained a deacon and a year or two later became president of that quorum. Shortly after I became president, President Brigham Young and others visited Heber and held conference. A large bowery

was built on the east side of the east school and meeting house. After the morning services, and during the noon hour, a heavy rain storm came up and as it still threatened to rain, the afternoon services were held in the school-house, the benches being moved from the bowery into the school-house. I assisted President Young in removing the windows from the east side of the school house so that those that couldn't get indoors could hear the services. He patted me on the head and said that I was a good boy, a thing that I have always remembered as I have a great love for President Young.

I was ordained a teacher, Feb. 7, 1870 by Wm. Forman. I was ordained an elder Sept. 28, 1874, by Wm. Joseph Smith. This was also the day I was married to Euphemia Ann Carroll, daughter of Patrick and Margaret Euphemia Carroll, who had immigrated from New Brunswick, Parish of Cumberland, County of York, Canada, and settled in Heber in the year 1861. I was rebaptized Aug. 27, 1876 by Samuel J. Wing at Heber. July 14, 1877, I was appointed and set apart to preside over the Deacons of the first quorum in Wasatch Stake of Zion by President John Taylor. I filled this position creditably until released several years later, I was first assistant Supt. to Samuel J. Wing, Stake Supt. of the Wasatch Sunday Schools from Feb. 6, 1884 to Feb. 6, 1886. I was clerk to Tithing Agent Wm. Forman for three years and then appointed Tithing Clerk for Wasatch Stake. On Feb. 1902 I was appointed president of the Y.M.M.I.A. of the Wasatch Stake of Zion and set apart to said office Feb. 6, 1886 by John Henry Smith. Ordained a High Priest, Feb. 6, 1886 by John Henry Smith, who was ordained by Wilford Woodruff, who was ordained by Brigham Young, who was ordained by David Whitmer, who was ordained by Joseph Smith, the Prophet, who was ordained by Peter, James and John, who were ordained by Jesus Christ.

I was elected to be one of the central committee of the Peoples' Party of Wasatch County, 1888. Appointed one of the Church Board of Education of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints of the Wasatch Stake of Zion July 7, 1888 and made clerk of the board. Appointed to be a member of the first prayer circle of Wasatch Stake of Zion at its organization and was a member until the second circle was organized at which time I was chosen second counselor in the second prayer circle. July, 1889, I was appointed first counselor in the Second Prayer Circle to fill the vacancy occurring by Bro. T. Todd being removed to the First Circle.

I was chosen 1st counselor to Bishop Joseph A. Rasband of the 2nd Ward of Heber, and set apart by President Joseph R. Murdock Feb. 15, 1903. Released from this office on Sept. 10, 1916. I was released from being Stake Supt. of the Y.M.M.I.A. Nov. 1st, 1903.

My wife Euphemia was afflicted with very poor health for about eight years. Our married life had been a very happy one, but she was released from her suffering April 18, 1914.

On August 17, 1914, I was married to Emily Jane Carroll Bentley, sister of my first wife, in the Salt Lake Temple, who also stood as proxy for Margaret Isabell, sister of my 1st and 2nd wives, who was sealed to me at this time.

On March 16, 1917, we had our second endowments, Emily J.C. Moulton acting for self and being proxy for her sister Euphemia Ann.

In April, 1919, I sold our home in Heber City to my son Henry and bought a home in the LeGrande Ward, Salt Lake City,

Utah. I have been working in the Salt Lake Temple doing work for our dead since March 1917. I have been an ordained worker in the Temple for several years.

My health has been very good during my life which I credit to having kept the Word of Wisdom all my life. I can say as Nephi of old, that I was born of goodly parents who taught me the Gospel and directed my life in the channels of righteousness.

The following are incidents I consider of interest which have occurred in my life:

Early in the winter of 1863, three lodges of Indians were unable to get to the reservations and remained in Heber City all winter. They set their tents across the street from my father's residence. The ground on which they pitched their tents had been flooded with water from a watering ditch. This had frozen and it was necessary for them to cut the ice away in order to pitch their tents. I was watching the squaws cut the ice while the lazy bucks lay around watching. I took the axe from a squaw and cut the ice for them for which they named me "Hebe Hatch Tooichanarient" meaning "Hebe cut, very strong." I was called by that name for many years by the Indians. They had an Indian boy about my age which we named Pete. I was 15 years at that time and played with him all winter when I wasn't at school. On Saturdays we would make snares of horse hair and catch snow birds. I was a great wrestler at side holds and I used to wrestle with Pete, but I could throw him easily. When the early Spring came we used to play with three young bucks at such games as pomp pull away, red line, etc. When we caught an Indian the only way we could hold him would be by the hair of the head. When they moved away I didn't see Pete for 5 or 6 years. At that time, I was washing in the side walk ditch, standing astride it, when I saw three Indians coming down the street. In place of walking down the side walk they walked down the outside of the ditch single file. I straightened up, dried myself and waited for them to come. When he got to me, not a word was spoken but the first Indian dropped his blanket, caught hold of me to wrestle and I threw him down, he got up and came at me again, I threw him the second and third time. Then he picked up his blanket, put it on and pointed to the next Indian, who dropped his blanket and was thrown the same way. When I had done this the first Indian rushed up to me, hugged me, called me by name and commenced to talk. He was as tickled to see me as if I had been his own brother. This was the last time I ever saw him.

In the year 1879 I helped my father-in-law to move to Ashley. I was about half sick and in coming home I travelled nights instead of days, as I was afraid my cattle might leave me, they were more easily watched by day. I camped the 1st day just below the Indian Agency at Whiterock, making camp about daylight. I made my bed and laid down to sleep. In a very little while, there were a lot of Indians came down and wanted firewater or whiskey. I had a gallon keg which I had filled with water at Ashley stream, which years before had no doubt had whiskey in it. Each Indian would go to the keg and take a taste of it and say "little whiskey," some of them going several times for a drink. They wished to have a shooting match with me at a target with my revolver. I told them no, I didn't have much ammunition and I had to keep it all. I then asked if Pete was there. They said no, he was in Colorado and wanted to know if I knew Pete. Upon telling them I did and that he was my friend they said, "If Pete is your friend, we're all your friend." They all had to shake hands with me. There was no chance for any sleep so about noon I had to put in a day's travel to get away from them.

People say "as quick as thought." I have two incidents showing how quick thought is.

Once I was binding a load of wood, leaning over the binding pole and pulling the rope until I had the binding pole almost in a circle when the rope broke and the binding pole sprung straight, throwing me up in the air. It would be but a second or two before I fell to the ground. During that time a number of thoughts ran through my mind. Thinking I would be killed and what would become of my wife and family. It seems impossible that so many thoughts could pass through my mind in such a few seconds. When I fell I was not injured as I fell between two logs lying on the ground and was not hurt.

Another time I was bringing a large load of hay from Heber to Camp Douglas. I had what was called a "Mormon Brake," which was a log before the wheels fastened up to the rack with a chain. Another chain running back to the hind axle tree and a level behind the wagon fixed in a roller. When I would pull forward on the lever it would pull the log against the wheels acting as a brake. I got along very nicely until I was going down Parleys Canyon, going down quite a steep hill. I pulled so hard on the lever that the chain broke, letting the brake off. The wagon crowded the ox team until they ran as fast as they could down the hill. The off ox, being the fastest, was crowding the nigh one off the road and it looked like they would be crowded off the dugway into the creek and possible be killed. Thought came to my assistance; as quick as lightning I gave a jump, jumping further than I ever did in my life, landing in front of the oxen. I struck the off ox on the nose which made him dodge back; I struck the nigh ox in the ribs, which made him jump forward throwing us in the road again and we ran down the road at a break-neck speed until we got to the foot of the hill. No damage was done, but it was a narrow escape as it looked like sure death.

Once I had an excellent colt. I wanted to break him to drive in a buggy. I borrowed a cart from President Hatch. He was quite gentle and I had driven him a little so I thought that soon I would have a very good horse. One day I took Ida and put her in the cart. We drove up to the Heber bank. I tied the horse up while I went to do some business. When I came back I untied the horse so that I could get into the cart with Ida. I had the reins in my hands ready to climb in when Mr. George M. Jorgensen turned on the hose to clean off the sidewalk. This frightened the horse and he made a leap and drew the lines from my hands. He ran to Main Street turning north, going as fast as he could run. Andrew Mairs was leading a horse belonging to Laban Hylton up to the blacksmiths to have it shod. My horse ran into it and ran the shaft into its ribs, about 18 inches, where it broke off. The horse then turned and ran to First North where it turned west. He ran then to First West when Ida fell out, the cart having tipped over. The horse continued west to 2nd West, then turned south to Center Street then up to our corral where I caught it. It had kicked the cart all to slivers. Ida was not injured except for a few scratches. The horse was never safe after that. It lived a year or so and then died from the effects of the fright.

I paid President Hatch $40 for the cart and a goodly price for the horse. All for the carelessness of Mr. Jorgensen. He never apologized or anything for the trouble and expense he caused me.

I was working in Big Cottonwood Canyon at a place then called Silver City, when a fire broke out at the head of the canyon. The fire was coming down the canyon. The pine cones would fly for a quarter of a mile and sometimes half a mile. We went to meet the fire and cut a swath across the timber, thinking the fire wouldn't come over it. Very soon it would be afire about a quarter a mile below us. We would have to run below and cut another swath but to no avail. We found a place, finally, where the timber was largely quaking aspen. We were succeeding in

stopping the fire but while cutting I cut my instep. Bill Averett was working a little way from me. I called for him to come and wrap it up. He came to me but wouldn't face me because he said he would faint if he should see blood. He pulled off his shirt and handed it to me. I wrapped up my foot the best I could and then he carried me to camp. The boss wanted me to go to the hospital but I told him that I would go home and that my mother would care for me.

The next morning young Dick Jones was going to Heber, with two yoke of oxen and the running gears of a big wagon. They cut some poles and made a sort of a bed for me and started for Heber. After traveling for a while we came to two forks. We had an argument as to which was the right one. Dick insisted on one so we went up that fork. We had only gone a short way when we came upon the fire. The fire was burning fast and the trees were falling. We had to make the oxen jump over trees that were two feet through and all ablaze. I told him we could go no farther and for him to carry me up the hillside. However he kept on going and we finally got through the fire and continued up the canyon. After going a mile or two we came to a miners' cabin. Two men wanted to know where we were going. I told them we were going to Heber. They said, "You can never get to Heber this way, the road doesn't go far enough. If you could get through you would come out at Park City." Our return journey was much worse because more trees had fallen and the fire was raging. I thought it would kill me when the oxen jumped over the logs. We finally started up the fork that I had wanted to go up in the first place.

He took me home and Mother doctored my foot and put me to bed. After a few days, proud flesh started in. She doctored it with blue vitriol. Blood would just stream from it and I would yell in agony. I suffered for months with intense pain. Towards Spring an old Swedish man came to see me. We told him what we were doing for my cut. He shook his head and said he's fix it. He took out his pocket knife and caught an old gentle cow and scraped its horns, getting a quantity of shavings and put some of the shavings on the sore. He told me to put some on every day and it would come down in a few days. In a week or so proud flesh was all gone and I was walking with crutches all around. In a very short time it was well.

The first winter after my marriage my wife, who was 18 years of age, made me a beautiful suit of clothes. It was made from yarn which she had spun from wool. Everyone admired my suit and many wanted her to make them a suit also, but I said no. She did make a suit for my brother-in-law, Frederick Giles. I had bought a sewing machine which was very inferior to machines of today. It enabled my wife to do a great deal of sewing for her people and for my own. Sewing machines were very scarse in those days.

A marvelous case of healing under the hands of Dr. Karl G. Maeser, President Brigham Young Academy, Provo, Utah. This case of healing occurred something over forty years ago. Brother Maeser was sent by the authorities of the Church to Wasatch Stake to attend the August quarterly conference. He went to the home of President Hatch, who brought him to the tithing office. At that time I was Stake Tithing Clerk. President Hatch asked me to take him to the hotel for entertainment. I did not tell him that I would do this, but I did say that I would see that Brother Maeser was provided for. I took him to my home and entertained him during the conference. This was the first time that I had met Brother Maeser, but I had heard many good things said about him. I told him that I had read of how he,

talking in German, and Brother Franklin D. Richards, talking in English, and Brother Budge interpreting for them, had been walking for some time, when each of them told Brother Budge that they could now understand each other perfectly and did not need him to interpret for them. They continued their walk, Brother Maeser talking in German and Brother Richards talking in English but each understanding the other perfectly during the rest of their journey. I told him that I would like him to give an account of this to my children which he did, also telling some other faith promoting incidents of his life, which we all appreciated very much.

Brother Maeser continued to come to Heber to the August Conference for some years, always staying in our home until the Presiding Officers of the Church learned about it. Then they sent a letter to President Hatch by Brother Maeser scolding him for not entertaining Brother Maeser. From that time on, for a number of years, President Hatch entertained him during his visits to our Conference, I having been clerk of the High Council for a number of years, took the minutes of the Saturday meeting but on Sunday morning when I got up as usual at five o'clock feeling as well as ever, I went into the kitchen to make the fire and while doing so a feeling of stupor came over me and I could hardly see what I was doing and I felt quite sick. I took some cold water and bathed my head and face and started to put up the separator, but still this same feeling troubled me. I could scarcely see the numbers on the disks of the separator, but I succeeded in getting it up just as the boys came down to take their buckets to go and milk. I took my bucket and followed them but I could hardly see, and I could not keep in the path as I was stepping farther with my right leg than with my left and I felt all the time as if I would fall over. I tried to tell the boys that I couldn't speak a word although I could make sounds. The boys turned around and heard my gibberish and saw me staggering around in order to keep on my feet and they commenced to laugh, thinking that I was trying to imitate a drunken person. In trying to return to the house, everything was so very dark that I could hardly see the house, and I could scarcely keep on my feet. I s cceeded in getting to the house and in opening the door. It seemed as though something told me not to stoop in putting down the basket for if I did I should fall over; so I dropped the bucket and tried to find my way into the bedroom. With difficulty I succeeded in getting into my bedroom. The door of my wife's room opened into my bedroom and I tried to tell her that I was sick, but could not say words although I could make sounds. I threw myself across my bed to keep from falling on the floor and my wife rushed out, crying and called my oldest daughter, Lucretia, telling her that father was dying and to run for the elders, Bros. Thomas Hicken and Frederick Giles. Lucretia ran in her night clothes out to the corral and called James Heber, telling him that father was dying and for him to run and get the elders which he did. The elders reached our home as soon as possible and wanted to know what was the matter with me; I tried to tell them but could only make sounds. They administered to me but I did not feel very much better; I could not talk. When the elders went to Conference at ten o'clock they told President Hatch of my sickness and that he would have to get someone else to take the minutes. He told the meeting that Brother Moulton was very sick and would not be able to attend, and he got someone else to take the minutes. When the morning meeting was out, Brother Maeser told President Hatch that he was going down to Brother Moulton's and might be late for dinner and for them not to wait for him. He came, finding my wife and children weeping about my condition. He came into my bedroom and taking me by the hand, I tried to tell him what was the matter with me, but I could not talk; I could still only make sounds. He administered to me

and while he was doing so, there was a feeling went through every part of my body almost like electricity. When he said "Amen," I said "Amen" also just as plain as I ever did and I could talk just as well as I ever could. I told my wife that if she would get my Sunday clothes I would get up. But Brother Maeser advised me not to get up for a while at least, but that after a while if I felt like getting up, I might do so, and sit in the big chair but not to go out of doors. I did as he advised and after the meeting quite a number of visitors came to see me. I could converse with them as well as I ever could, and from that day to this I have never had any of those symptoms. As a general thing my health has been very good.

The visits that Brother Maeser made to the Wasatch Stake Conference were in the interest of the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, in encouraging the Saints to send their children to that institution for their education in order that they might receive religious training. And he was very successful in his endeavors as many young people were sent to the Academy.

(Note: The following are notes by Sina Moulton, wife of James Heber's son Merrill.)

James Heber Moulton as a young man was very sedate and stood erect and stately and whenever he escorted Euphemia to a dance he always danced first with her and then with her girl friend Janett (McMullen). He always wore a flower in his buttonhole. They were taught to be very polite and courteous in the dances and to dance very gracefully. . .

Heber's daughters hated to see a wagon drive up from Vernal because they were always welcome to put up there and the girls had to cook a big meal for whoever it might be whether they were kin or just someone in town to pay their tithing. As Heber Moulton was tithing clerk he always sent them up to the house to put up for the night. Those were the days when the tithing was paid out of the crops and there was a large barn in connection with the tithing office where the hay and grain and animals were kept and people came to the tithing office to buy what they needed as well as pay what was owed. Often times out of town folks came up to dinner which wasn't bad but when there was a dance and a wagon drove up from Vernal you can imagine how the girls appreciated that.

The worst star boarder was Mrs. Judd and her dog. She came here to live with a relative and they didn't want her so she stayed at Moultons. She put her apron around a little stand table and put the sofa pillows in for her dog to lie on. She wouldn't sleep in seamed sheets as they were "servant's sheets," and she did nothing to pay for her board. She wore a satin dress and sewed a velvet bow over all the holes as they appeared. She is the one who brushed her teeth with charcoal and frightened all the neighbors and their dogs.

(The remaining notes are excerpts from the biography of James Heber Moulton as found in: How Beautiful Upon the Mountains, compiled and edited by Wm. James Mortimer (Wasatch County Chapter, Daughters of Utah Pioneers, Salt Lake, 1963), p. 451-3.)

One of the first canals of the valley was the Spring Creek Ditch. It had been leveled with a triangle and plumb bob, but it had very little fall and would not adequately water more than half of the land that lay below it. Moreover, it being so flat, it tended to fill up with moss two or three times during the summer. Some of the stockholders desired to remedy these defects, while others did not wish to go to the expense. Another company was formed,

naming themselves the Sage Brush Company. . .James H. Moulton was an officer in both companies. A railroad level was hired to level the ditch, and it was found that by changing the ditch in a number of places, plenty of fall could be had to water the land under it. Mr. Moulton with William McMillan were appointed to contact the stockholders for their approval. Enough votes were secured so that the improvements were made to the satisfaction of all.

The Wasatch Canal had been leveled by means of a carpenter's level. The canal, however, was never entirely satisfactory and frequently broke, flooding parts of Heber and causing damage. Also, as more lands were brought under cultivation it was not large enough to carry the necessary amount of water. . .Both parts of the canal were re-leveled with a railroad level, and the improvements were made. Mr. Moulton was a director in the company and had supervision of the work. . .

If one goes through the files of the Wasatch Wave, one will find such notes as these: "Bids for water master for North Field. Submit to J.H. Moulton, Secretary." . .

When the culinary water system was installed in Heber, Mr. Moulton was asked late in November to supervise the digging of trenches and installation of pipes. He stated that plenty of laborers were obtained. Quite a number came from Midway. Fortunately it was a very open winter, and before heavy frost came. fully half of the town had access to the water.

On another project, Mr. Moulton had this to say: "I was First Counselor to Bishop Joseph A. Rasband of the Heber Second Ward. and we were in great need of a meeting house. I was asked to superintend the building of it. This was about as hard a task as I ever undertook. Details of this work required all my time, very often from daylight to dark. We were backed by an enthusiastic building committee. When the building was completed it was a pleasure to look at as it was as good a meeting house as any in Heber."

(Construction began 16 March 1914 and the chapel was dedicated December 26, 1915.)

. . .He was an ordained worker in the Salt Lake Temple and continued in this work until his death March 29, 1934. His funeral was held in the Stake House in Heber; and he was buried in the Heber Cemetary. President George F. Richards wrote; "Brother Moulton was a genial, faithful laborer as an ordinance worker in the Salt Lake Temple, the House of the Lord. But few men at his advanced age could do the work he did day after day. His work never appeared a drudgery for him, but he did his work with a light heart and a cheerful countenance. Having finished his life's work, the Lord graciously took him home, without the necessity of a long period of illness and suffering as some have to endure."

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